

The **AUTHOR** **& JOURNALIST**

OCTOBER
1924

A Voice Crying in the Wilderness

By William M. Stuart

Pleasing the Trade Journals

By Sophie Wenzel Ellis

The Age Viewpoint in Juveniles

By Ann S. Warner

Capturing the Boys' Market in Britain

By Ronald S. Lyons

Literary Market Tips for the Month

*Authentic Information on the Manuscript
Requirements of the Publishers*

Volume X, No. 10

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THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST'S

Literary Market Tips

Gathered Monthly from Authoritative Sources

True Western Stories, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, "is in the market for illustrated articles of Western, Alaskan, or Mexican setting, short-stories and novelettes of the same nature of 3000 to 30,000 words," writes F. E. Blackwell, editor. "We use some verse and short miscellany. Payment is made on acceptance at 1½ cents a word and up. We do not use editorials or serials."

Cowboy Stories, 799 Broadway, New York, is a new publication which desires Western cowboy material. Requirements are for short-stories of 3000 to 6000 words, novelettes of 12,000 to 15,000, and serials of 40,000 to 70,000. It will use occasional verse of ten to thirty-two lines and short fact stories of Western characters. Payment is made on acceptance at 1 to 3 cents a word.

College Comics, 221 E. Cullerton Street, Chicago, W. Robert Jenkins, managing editor, writes: "I am concentrating, just at present, on getting material of the following types: (1) Humorous essays, 500 to 1500 words. These may be straight humor, nonsense, or satire. (2) Humorous stories of 500 to 1500 words. I am burdened with a great deal of straight fiction written in a light or flippant style. I do not know why the writers think these stories are funny, because as a rule they are lacking in any humorous element. My materials must be not merely entertaining or whimsical, but they must be humorous. Let me repeat what I have said in previous letters: that I do not want my contributors to attempt to write stories about college boys or girls. (3) Jokes, pointed paragraphs, skits, epigrams, etc. I should appreciate it very much if you would put me in touch with any young writers you may have in mind who have a humorous bent. I am not out to buy big names, but I am out to make names for young people who are desirous of establishing their reputations. I will pay 1 cent to 2 cents a word on acceptance for the manuscripts."

Fighting Romances is a new magazine announced by Macfadden Publications, 1926 Broadway, New York. It will use stories of 2000 to 9000 words, and serials of 30,000 to 60,000 words, containing themes of romance and conflict. It also desires poems of the sea or cowboy verse, and short fact articles on the Mounted Police, old days of the West, or true adventures of any sort. Its rates are announced as 2 cents a word payable shortly before publication. Walter W. Liggett is editor.

Snappy Stories, 627 W. Forty-third Street, New York, defines its wants as follows: "Gay, contemporary short-stories, 2000 to 5000 words in length; light verse, playlets, short prose, humor with an authentic flavor of the younger generation." Payment is at from 1½ to 3 cents a word on acceptance. Florence Haxton is editor.

The American Mercury, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, has issued a second call for "a Kentuckian able to explain what has happened to his once proud and puissant State." The editor, H. L. Mencken, states: "Forty years ago the State was the scene of a spacious and charming civilization. But now it is fast descending to the level of Arkansas and Tennessee. Is there a Kentuckian left who can describe and account for the catastrophe? If so, the columns of *The American Mercury* are open to him."

Judge, 637 W. Forty-third Street, New York, through Kendall Banning, editorial director for the New Fiction Publishing Corporation, announces the following rates of payment for material: "For humorous short-stories and articles, limited to 250 words, \$20 a column; \$5 for 'Krazy Kracks,' 'Epilaughs,' and 'Funnybones,' short jokes and epigrams, and humorous verse, limited to two stanzas. Payment is on acceptance." Norman Anthony is editor.

National Geographic Magazine, 1156 Sixteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., desires articles and photographs of travel and nature. For such material as it can use, it is stated, "generous remuneration" will be made.

Our Boys and Vim, Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia, are two copyrighted magazines used for their own trade purposes by this organization. Prominent authors, as well as less well-known figures in the literary and business world, contribute. The former is for the young boys and the latter for the grown men salesmen. Practical sales talks, selling methods, actual experiences, illustrated when possible, find welcome. *Making Money* is to be a new similar publication for the lady saleswomen of this firm. Its characteristics and needs are like the two others. Reports are prompt and rates are understood to be good. In announcing *Vim* the firm states that its aim is "to talk men's language to men."

Real Detective Tales and Mystery Stories, 1050 N. La Salle Street, Chicago, particularly desires mystery and detective stories with a Western locale, writes Edwin Baird, editor. The stereotyped detective story is not desired. Short-stories should run from 2000 to 6000 words in length, novelettes from 8000 to 25,000 words, and serials from 25,000 to 60,000 words. Articles on detective work about 2000 words in length are sought. Payment is at 1 cent a word, sometimes on acceptance and sometimes on publication.

Own Your Own Home, 1926 Broadway, New York, is a new Macfadden publication appealing to home-builders, with the practical phases of home-making emphasized.

(Continued on Page 26)

Prize Contests

The Delineator, Butterick Building, New York, in its October issue, announces conditions of a prize contest for the best answers to the question, "What is the matter with the teaching profession and how may its evils be cured?" The contest is divided into two parts, one for teachers and the other for parents or others interested in education. First prize in each division is \$500; second prize, \$300; third prize, \$200. Manuscripts must be not over 1000 words in length, must be typewritten, must bear name and address of sender and whether or not he or she is a teacher. Closing date, January 7, 1926. Address Prize Contest Editor. The magazine reserves the right to purchase non-prizewinning manuscripts at its usual rates. Names of judges and suggestions to contestants appear in the October *Delineator*.

Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York, offers a prize of \$1000 to the person performing the most heroic or brave act called to its attention during the week, and a prize of \$100 to the "reporter" of the story. The cover title contest which *Liberty* has been conducting has been discontinued.

Sunset Magazine, 460 Fourth Street, San Francisco, Calif., offers monthly prizes of \$20, \$10, \$5, \$3, \$2, \$1, for the completion of unfinished limericks published in each issue.

Artists and Models Magazine, 109 W. Forty-ninth Street, New York, offers \$25 for the best amateur photograph on any subject submitted before November 15th. Pictures must be on glossy finished paper, 5 by 7 inches. Other pictures retained for publication will be paid for at \$1 each.

The Household Magazine, Eighth and Jefferson Streets, Topeka, Kans., is conducting a monthly cover title contest. First prize is \$25; second, \$10; third, \$5; fourth to eighth, \$2 each. A coupon from the magazine must be used in competing; closing date October 15th. *The Household* buys short humor, household hints and recipes. In its department, "A Bit o' Humor" appears this: "For every joke that we publish we will pay 50 cents. Send your contribution to the Humor Column." The same rate of payment applies to recipes and short-cuts in housekeeping.

Mid-Week Pictorial, 229 W. Forty-third Street, New York, announces prizes of \$10, \$5, and \$3 for the best photographs submitted each week to the Editor, Amateur Photograph Contest. Pictures will be judged both for general interest and technical excellence.

Farm Journal, Washington Square, Philadelphia, Pa., is offering prizes of \$50, \$30, \$20, ten of \$10, and ten of \$5 for the best reports on the benefits or evils to be gained from the existence of cats, weasels, skunks, squirrels and chipmunks. Contest closes February 1, 1926. Address Contest Editor.

The Premier Salad Dressing Manufacturers offer 147 prizes, totaling \$2500, for lists of "the greatest number of practical food uses from one bottle of Premier." The contest closes December 1st. Address Francis H. Leggett & Company, New York.

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Formerly THE STUDENT WRITER

THE AUTHOR'S TRADE JOURNAL

FOUNDED 1916

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To A Departed Author

By Willard King Bradley



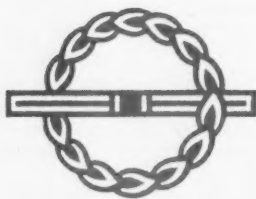
Now that you're gone they cast slurs
on your name.

These half-baked critics who
will never write

A paragraph posterity would
claim:

With condescension they admit that bright
Your tales were, clever each surprising "twist."
But that you were an Artist they deny:
"Mere padded anecdotes was all the grist
That issued from his mill." . . . Some even pry
Into your past as if it troubled them
That once you were a convict. I care not
What you had done when you began to gem
This gray world with your sparkling prose:
nor what

Your moral code was. Spite of sneers, 'tis true
That Bagdad-on-the-Subway misses you!



A Voice Crying in the Wilderness

The Writer Who Has Only Partly Arrived—His Problems, His Point of View, and Where He Finds Help Along the Road

By William M. Stuart



WM. M. STUART

FROM time to time THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST has printed articles written by editors and by authors who have arrived with both feet; but, so far as my knowledge goes, there has been little from the great mass of readers who, in this case, are

would-be writers. The big boys have spoken, and their words are good; but we, privates in the ranks, have been dumb, listening with awe and admiration to the dicta of those whose names are known far beyond the confines of their respective counties.

Now, as one crying in the wilderness, I make bold to lift up my voice in behalf of those who are striving to insert at least one toe in the crack of the editorial door. We are the ones who are having the trouble; we cannot lay down rules—we're trying to learn 'em; we cannot tell how we've skun 'em—we're endeavoring to master that difficult trick.

As for myself, I've been writing short-stories for the past four years. During the first three of those years I sold one story for \$8. During the last year I've sold about twenty-five yarns, I believe, and the remuneration has run all the way from $\frac{1}{4}$ of a cent to $1\frac{1}{2}$ cents a word. Considering the fact that I have a regular job to hold down,

I'm a fairly prolific writer, but most of my stuff persists in coming back. Why? I wish I knew. Occasionally I sell a yarn and then Friend Wife and I go to the movies. But in my opinion the stories I've sold are not one-two-three with some of those that I've failed to sell. And now, as I intended to hand out some useful dope for the benefit of the craft, let's go.

The first thing for the aspiring author to inquire into is where to learn his trade. Admitting that some of us consider ourselves in the genius class that needs no instruction, the fact remains that the majority of us realize that we must learn the ropes somewhere. We are willing to serve our apprenticeship, but, naturally, desire to get through with it as quickly as possible. How then can we learn? There are four ways: Professional critics, textbooks on technique, schools (usually correspondence), and just old hard experience—cut and try.

MUCH is being written nowadays about the fallacy of paying over good money to schools of the short-story and the photoplay. So far as the latter is concerned there isn't much argument; the photoplay is forbidden fruit for the likes of us. But the short-story—that's different. There are schools purporting to teach this difficult art that should be forbidden the use of the mails. There are others that return a good value for the money invested, rendering helpful, conscientious service calculated to shorten the road for the beginner. I've tried both kinds and am convinced that but for the help of the better kind of school I would still be groping in the dark without having made a sale. For, notwithstanding the plea of some editors for originality and disregard of cut-and-dried rules, these same editors would never read beyond the first

page of a manuscript which showed that the writer knew nothing of the rules of the game. All of which leads us to editors.

There are editors and editors. The genus editor shows a great range of differences. There's the kind that allows you to send script after script to him when he's overstocked and isn't buying a thing; he won't even take time to scribble "overstocked" on the rejection slip. But we all know that type in ordinary life. However, editors can't be any busier than other professional or business men. The plea of being rushed to death is "bunk." We're all busy nowadays.

Then there's the kind of editor that sends back what purports to be a personal letter. He mentions your brain child by name, even speaks highly of it, but he does not analyze the symptoms of the disease with which it is afflicted. Yet he's a kindly person; we appreciate him and should realize that he isn't being paid for being our critic.

Then—most rare and priceless variety—there's the kind that tells you honestly just what he thinks is wrong with your story. To this type I am personally indebted for more than one sale. O brother, when you meet with this species of editor remember him always. And when you shall have achieved fame, sell him a few stories at a cent a word that you could easily have secured three cents for elsewhere. He's the kind of man that in the home town always rings the bell in the popularity contests, and when he passes to the beyond the burg turns out en masse to honor his memory. May his tribe increase and flourish as the green bay tree. But he's rare, brother, he's rare.

IT is asserted by some writers who should know whereof they speak that editors *unconsciously* frown on originality. In this I suspect that the complainants are right. I once wrote a story that in fact is the only *real* story I've ever written, and if I continue to scribble until I'm ninety I shall never again be able to produce so good a one. I wrote this one because I *had* to. I felt it, I lived it, I almost sobbed over it, but—it wouldn't sell. I sent it to four of the best critics in America, who, after suggesting slight changes, agreed that it was a wonderful tale. Nothing doing—the editors continued to send it back, albeit some of them wrote long letters commending it highly.

One critic in whom I confided said, "You must understand that the mind of the average editor is rather limited, and what he does not himself know about he's suspicious of. In fact, he thinks 'they ain't no sich animal.'"

This was a trifle rough, but at the time I was inclined to agree with the critic; for my yarn had a setting that was decidedly unusual, it was plausible, it had appeal, plenty of action, the best plot I've ever invented, and I had gone over it so many times that it was polished as much as it would stand. This yarn is now out on its twentieth trip. It will be back presently. But I'm going to keep on sending it. Some day I shall find a guy who will buy it. Then—

But conversely, as the lawyers say, a plot bit me one Sunday night while I was at church. I slipped home, scribbled it off with pencil, typed it the next day, and sold it on the first trip to one of the magazines that had refused my soul child. And this hurriedly written script, compared with my masterpiece, would be about in the same class as a dime squawker compared to the hellicon bass in the village band. But the rushed one the editor knew all about—he had already purchased several hundred just like it. The other was new to him, hence he turned down his thumbs. If anyone tells you, brother, that editors are looking for new and extraordinary stuff, forget it as soon as possible. They're afraid of that stuff; it hasn't been tried out. But I don't suppose we should blame them; the watchword nowadays seems to be "safety first."

But just a word more about editors. I've come to the conclusion that as a class their minds are not necessarily limited. They may shy from what they don't understand; that's but natural. But, save only the clergy, I believe the editorial class represents the highest type of mentality that the country affords. (No, I'm not a preacher—I'm a postmaster.)

Formerly I had supposed that editors were haughty and exclusive folk. But recently I called on the editorial force of a magazine to which I had sold several stories. I had entered the building with a degree of diffidence rather foreign to my nature, but the greetings of the editor, associate editor and the assistant editor (who, incidentally, is a very popular contributor to the columns of THE AUTHOR & JOURNAL-

IST) soon placed me so much at my ease that I proceeded to talk for about two hours. And they listened to me. Furthermore, they even shook my hand when I departed and asked me to send more stories. In calm retrospect I've rather come to the conclusion that they should have kicked me out. Two hours of their time I had stolen. But they proved to be as genial, companionable, and genuinely cultured people as one could wish to meet. No highbrow stuff, no haughty exclusiveness, no indication of gross ignorance coupled with flinty heart. Merely folks of a darned good sort.

NOW at last we come back to the writer.

When we are first moved to inflict our stuff upon the world we think that classic English is the medium for turning the trick, forgetting that the woods are filled with people who write bully English. Hence we proceed to haunt the dictionary, the thesaurus, the rhetoric, Shakespeare, the Bible. And we might do worse. But the editors don't give a damn for classic English—neither does the public. New writers sweat blood over their grammar, but slight the plot, are ignorant of technique, use trite themes, revel in "sob stuff" and—fail to sell. The wise-guy writer who has arrived makes all kinds of grammatical errors, his diction is rotten, but he's snappy, he uses the old safe-and-sane plots, he interests and—he sells. For, brother, what is trite with our handling ceases to be that with his. *He* knows how.

It is not to be wondered at that new writers naturally gravitate toward trite themes; they are elemental, and the writer is subconsciously moved by the old stand-by stories which he absorbed in the formative period of his development. The old writers sometimes use themes just as trite, but they disguise them so that the casual reader is unaware of the fact. What could possibly be more trite than the average Western story that barks at us from every popular magazine that we pick up? Every possible angle of the love story has been used time and again, yet love is elemental, and if the love story *seems* to be new it appeals. It is the most salable type of story.

Another fault that damns the aspiring author is the tendency to imitate, consciously or unconsciously, some other writer—usually one of the big boys of the classics. When the style of Scott or Stevenson is

superimposed on a Western story, a flapper love yarn, or a detective tale with modern setting, the result is rather bizarre.

But what really brings the cub to the mat is his almost unconquerable inclination to begin his story with setting, description, or characterization. To be sure, that's the logical way to begin a story, but the editors won't have it so; neither will the readers. A story must have a foundation upon which the superstructure may be reared, but "Action, action, action," is the cry of editors and readers alike. Life in these modern times is so rapid that unless the interest of the reader is captured by the first sentence of the story he will not follow it. It is, of course, silly to begin a story in the middle and then proceed to sift in necessary setting, atmosphere and description, but the average reader is silly, and we must make the most of it. We must interest at once and all the time or our message will go unread by both the editors and the public. There's no use kicking against the pricks.

Crudity of expression and a vast inclination to talk too much, especially about the unimportant parts of the yarn, is a fault of the new writer that can be overcome in but one way—experience. To soft-pedal the slight episodes and make the most of the big scenes is a trick that is acquired only in time. It isn't necessary to explain every trifling incident to the reader. We must give him credit for *some* sense.

IF some way could be devised whereby the aspiring writer could acquire immediately enough rules of the game to get him by we should have a nearer approach to literature than we now have. For one's first literary effort, in the essentials, is the best. Then, he is full of courage, confidence, heart throbs, of qualities that he gradually discards as he grows in wisdom and avarice. At first he has an ideal: to tell his fellow men what he dreams, feels, lives. After he has grown wise and smooth he drops the old ideal and acquires another: the dollar. Hence all the insufferable drivel—no life, no emotion, no appeal, no message; merely action and interest. The temptation of from three to twenty-five cents a word is too much for the heavy-weights; they grind out their yarns as the meat-market worker does his sausage, and with exactly the same motive. But, God help us! will not our soul as well as our brain soon atrophy?

For others who, like myself, have arrived only in part, I have this message: Let's stick to it; let's cultivate the difficult art of being thoroughly natural and of being able to breathe *ourselves* into our writings. By the same token that we find people in our everyday surroundings who like our personality, in time we shall find an editor who likes our

personality. In the natural course of events we shall work up a clientele of readers who will look for our names, even as they now look for the names of those who have preceded us up the ladder.

Above all, let's write what we *want* to write, and do it as well as we can. "In due season we shall reap if we faint not."

Overflow

By Phoebe Laing Mosley

WHEN one's yearning to write is circumscribed by a husband, four small children, and a house with white woodwork, it is sometimes necessary to ask oneself some very plain questions—and to demand clear-cut, unequivocal answers.

This being my own situation, I fumed and fumed, because somehow I couldn't seem to find a minute for the writing I knew I wanted to do. Finally I asked myself the candid question, "Do I want to write, or do I just want to talk about it?" I answered it by converting the energy wasted in fuming into words on paper.

Rarer even than a day in June is an undisturbed hour in the life of a busy housekeeper and mother. "There jist ain't no sich animal." So it was useless to wait for that blissful time when I wouldn't be interrupted. The plan that is now yielding me a profit of precious words on paper is that of thinking out a special writing problem while my hands are busy with the mechanical duties of housework. Then when a few quiet moments—not hours, mind you—hover timidly within reach, I snatch them greedily to my bosom and scribble down what I have already thought out. It may be only a line or two of conversation, or a descriptive phrase, or a touch of characterization, and if those minutes expand into half an hour, with the right start already thought out, the words naturally overflow onto paper as fast as a pencil can record them.

When I once blushing confessed to my father that I hoped some day to write, he smiled in his kindly way and said: "Child,

people who write must live a full life of loving, suffering, happiness, tolerance and charity. Their writing oozes from this fullness. It is the overflow of living, and until you have something to spare, your words will be cold and sterile."

It seems to me that when a person wants so much to write that she refuses to recognize her difficulties as insurmountable, she must surely have "something to spare" and the overflow ought to be worth while.

If we women with a pen-and-ink complex want something stronger than dishwater—which, to my notion, is the vilest "home brew" ever concocted—we must *think* it out. While your hands are busy stirring cereal, working biscuit dough, sweeping, or washing the lowly dishes, your brain can be elsewhere, working on the particular snag in your story or article that is giving the most trouble. Then when you feel so full of words that they seem to be "oozing" from the very pores of your skin, drop your spoon, or broom, or the darned darning, and let them flow. The few moments snatched in this attitude are worth hours spent at a desk, with pencil in hand, searching for what you want to say.

The "home" woman can also commercialize her children's impertinence. Don't bore only your friends with the kids' bright sayings and jokes. Even though the joke be on yourself, write it down, mail it out—and if the editor buys it, the joke is on him!

I have "thought this out" in one morning's sweeping. With two days of window-washing scheduled for next week, I may produce my masterpiece!

Pleasing the Trade Journals

*A Field Not Overcrowded That Offers Innumerable Opportunities to the Writer With Good Reportorial Instincts;
Some Markets That Have Been Found Receptive*

By Sophie Wenzel Ellis

What writer still in that embryonic state of authorship when stories over which he



SOPHIE W. ELLIS

has pored for weeks are regularly returned with the conventional rejection slip would not like to get numerous checks for \$5, \$10, \$20, and even \$30 in the course of the month—every month—for his writing? And what writer would not feel genuine satisfaction in receiving these small, medium, and fairly

large checks, knowing that each represented at the most four or five hours' work?

All this is possible when one learns what the trade journals want. There are hundreds of these journals, each anxious to purchase the kind of material that it needs. Since so many authors scorn the humble trade press and spend their time dreaming over stories that may not sell, the field is remarkably free from competition. The trade-journal editor is not swamped with manuscripts in every mail. The few that he does receive have his personal attention. If he is forced to reject some of them, he does it with a friendly note, often suggesting possible markets for them. When he accepts a manuscript, he writes the author a kindly letter, cordially inviting him to submit more material.

I am making a good living from trade-magazine writing. I even enjoy somewhat of a reputation among trade-journal editors, and often receive special requests for articles. While I am waiting for ultimate success with general magazine-writing, I have the satisfaction of knowing that my pen is already earning my bread and butter, with sometimes a little jam.

Before writing anything for a trade jour-

nal, the field should be carefully studied. Almost every retail store operator and manufacturer subscribes to several trade journals in his line, and will be glad to lend or give several back numbers to any who ask for them. Some of these trade journals will place an author or would-be author on the mailing list.

Finished literary style is not needed, nor even desired. Simple, clear language that the most uneducated merchant or his clerks can understand is the kind that wins favor with the editors. If one can acquire a light, breezy style that is pleasantly entertaining; and if he has the faculty of imparting real information in as few words as possible, so much the better.

IT is well to specialize on some particular subject. I have made advertising articles my specialty, because advertising has been my profession and I can speak with some degree of authority upon it. If I were a bookkeeper, I should write a great number of articles about record-keeping, stock-taking, turnover, collections, etc. If I knew something about show-card writing or window trimming, I should not have to search for subjects for articles.

In addition to the advertising articles, I am often able to write articles on other subjects, such as how a certain merchant increased his summer business, or how a laundry owner looks after the comfort of his employees. With these general articles I nearly always include photographs, which are paid for at the rate of from \$1 to \$5 each.

Good photographs are very acceptable to trade journals, and often help to sell an article. Unique window or interior displays are especially salable, as an examination of almost any trade journal will reveal. If the author is a skilled photographer, he can take these pictures himself. If he cannot make

good pictures, it is better to make some arrangement with a photographer to furnish pictures. I have induced a certain photographer in my city to let me know whenever he takes a picture of a store. If I can use the picture, I order a glossy print and sell it, often with only a few words of "copy," at a good profit. Of course, when I have a picture taken especially for me, the profit is not so large; but if I am illustrating a somewhat lengthy article, it pays me to have the special pictures taken.

In writing for trade journals, adhere religiously to the demand made of newspaper reporters—*boil it down*. Experience has taught me that the ideal length is from 1500 to 2000 words. An article of such length can be done in one sitting, often in two hours. The pay for it ranges from one-half cent to a cent and a half. Some trade journals pay only one-third or one-fourth of a cent, but I avoid them when I have learned their rates. The usual rule is pay upon publication, although a few trade journals pay upon acceptance. The rule of pay upon publication is not bad, however, because most trade journals use the article soon, sometimes the very month in which it is received. This affords the author a quick turnover on his work, and enables him to collect his money about as soon as he would from a general magazine that holds a manuscript two months before accepting it.

I keep an idea book for trade-journal articles, in which I jot down possible subjects. Often when I am writing one article I get ideas for three or four others, either upon the same subject or others that are entirely different. The newspapers are also a source of trade-journal articles. Sometimes when an illustration of an attractive store display or a new building appears in a newspaper, I am able to obtain the original without cost. A short interview with the proprietor gives me all the material needed for an acceptable article.

Perhaps once or twice a month, usually on days when I do not feel in the humor for writing, I "scout" around for articles, visiting storekeepers, peering into attractive windows, or just "nosing" about the stores, listening to the comments of customers. People are remarkably good to me when I request an interview, for they feel flattered that I want to write them up. Often they go to the expense of having a series of photographs taken to illustrate my articles. Mer-

chants have even had expensive drawings made for me.

I look upon my writing as a business, and go about it systematically. Often when I sit down at my typewriter at about 8:30 a. m. I do not feel in the humor for grinding out copy. But I pull myself together, force myself to select a subject, and get to work. This is excellent discipline. It has taught me concentration and industry. I could not possibly whip myself into working on a short-story, yet can write a trade article at any time, for it demands less inspiration, even if it calls for more perspiration.

MANY trade journals have correspondents whose duties are almost identical with those of the newspaper correspondent. These correspondents are required to send in short news items regarding the local activities in the field covered by the trade journal. Again the newspaper proves a great boon to the writer, for from its columns may be gleaned many an item that needs to be only slightly changed to make it acceptable to the trade journal. I am local correspondent for a number of trade journals, and find that my duties in this respect enable me to find material for many lengthy articles.

One of my duties as correspondent is to "cover" trade conventions. I sit through the sessions and report everything of importance that occurs, either jot down speeches in shorthand or obtain them from the secretary, and get as many good photographs as I can of the officers, speakers, or groups. The trade journals pay at the rate of one-half to one cent a word for the work, with extra pay for photographs. The article frequently nets \$50 or more for two or three days' work. Some trade journals prefer to have the convention reported for them at a flat rate.

HERE is a review of some of the trade journals' requirements, based upon my personal experience:

The Druggist, 161 S. Front street, Memphis, Tenn., heads my list for royal treatment of contributors. Its rate is half a cent a word, with about \$2.50 each for photographs. It pays upon acceptance, and acceptance is often by return mail. It likes photographs of drugstore interiors and good window displays. It also pays a cent a word for news items. The type of article liked is the helpful kind, pointing out in concrete terms how to make the drug business pay. I have sold them

many advertising articles, as well as a series with titles such as "What I Like and Do Not Like About Drug Stores, By a Patron"; "Keep Me Sold With Side Lines, Druggists! by a Housewife," etc.

The Savings Bank Journal, a monthly published by the Natumsa Publishing Company at 110 E. Forty-second Street, New York, is another pleasant market. I have sold them many advertising articles, and have been paid at rates ranging from a cent to a cent and a half a word. If they particularly like an article, they pay a higher rate. Payment is upon publication.

Printers' Ink, published weekly at 185 Madison Avenue, New York, devoted to advertising and merchandising, pays rates ranging from two to ten cents a word, upon acceptance. It is difficult to reach, but is worth striving to please. It has a pleasant policy of giving contributors who have proved their ability a higher rate with each contribution.

American Lumberman, a weekly published at 431 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, uses a great deal of material, and pays about a cent and a half upon publication.

Publishers' Weekly, issued from 62 W. Forty-fifth Street, New York, is eager for articles that will be helpful to booksellers. Its rate is a cent a word, paid upon publication.

Good Hardware and *The Progressive Grocer*, both published by the Butterick Company, 912 Broadway, New York, pay for acceptable articles at the rate of a cent a word and better, on acceptance, with from \$1 to \$3 for photographs. This is an excellent market. I have sold them epigrams, paid for at fifty cents each, short poems at \$10 each, and articles. Articles showing what merchants are actually doing are wanted, and they use many live feature stories, cartoons, drawings and photographs. Besides articles dealing with stunts and unique plans of merchants, they also want human-interest and personality articles, running from 1500 to 2000 words. An examination of these excellent trade journals will be inspirational to writers.

Retail Furniture Selling, monthly, 608 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, offers a profitable market. For free-lance articles it pays about 1½ cents a word, and for solicited articles or for assignments pays a higher rate, with about \$2.50 each for photographs. Only articles dealing with real merchandising efforts and success stories are wanted.

The Walter W. Brown Publishing Company, 1606 Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga., publishing *Hardware & House Furnishing Goods*, *New South Baker*, *Commercial Fertilizer* and *Sweets*, have proved a gold mine for me. I can always depend upon the comfortable, monthly checks from them, covering acceptances at a rate of half a cent a word. They particularly like articles showing what Southern merchants are doing, but also accept many contributions of a general nature.

The Loyless Publishing Company, 504 Bona Allen Building, Atlanta, Ga., publishes *The Soda Dispenser*, *Southern Carbonator & Bottler*, *Ice Cream Field* and *Laundryman's Guide*. They use everything that I send them, at half a cent a word.

Requirements are about like those of the Brown Publishing Company.

Other trade journals to which I have sold material at half a cent a word, with extra pay for pictures, and whose editors are pleasant in their dealings with contributors are:

National Taxicab & Motorbus Journal, 120 Ann Street, Chicago.

Hardware & Implement Journal, 1808 Main Street, Dallas, Tex.

Southern Banker, 101 Marietta Street, Atlanta.

Candy & Soda Profits, 210 Commercial Bldg., Minneapolis.

National Laundry Journal, 120 Ann Street, Chicago.

Lumber, Columbia Building, St. Louis.

N. A. R. D. Journal, 168 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago (Drugs).

National Bottlers' Gazette, 99 Nassau Street, New York.

Soda Fountain, 3 Park Place, New York.

Filling Station, 1716 Dallas Avenue, Houston, Texas.

Sporting Goods Journal, 9 S. Clinton Street, Chicago.

Butchers' & Packers' Gazette, 9 S. Clinton Street, Chicago.

Butchers' Advocate, 1328 Broadway, New York.

Southern Florist, Fort Worth, Tex.

Optometric Weekly, 17 N. Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

Teamwork, St. Louis Globe-Democrat, St. Louis, Mo., uses general material of interest to merchants.

Bakers' Weekly, 287 Broadway, New York.

Bakers' Review, 25 W. Broadway, New York.

Cafeteria Management, 327 S. La Salle Street, Chicago.

Furniture Index, Jamestown, N. Y.

American Funeral Director, Kelsey Building, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Facts & Figures, Jacksonville, Fla. (Wholesale groceries).

Western Advertising, 564 Market Street, San Francisco.

Motor Cycling & Bicycling, 9 S. Clinton Street, Chicago.

National Retail Lumber Dealer, Railway Exchange Building, Chicago.

Domestic Engineering, 1900 Prairie Avenue, Chicago. (Plumbing.)

Starchroom Laundry Journal, 415 Pioneer Street, Cincinnati.

Toilet Goods, 18 W. Thirty-fourth Street, New York, pays 2 cents a word for acceptable articles.

The Banker's Monthly, 536-538 S. Clark Street, Chicago.

National Plumbing & Heating News, 45 W. Thirty-fourth Street, New York.

The Florists' Exchange, 438-448 W. Thirty-seventh Street, New York.

The Merchant's Journal and Commerce, Richmond, Va.

Display Topics, 291 Broadway, New York.

Electrical Record, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York.

Commercial Car Journal, Chestnut and Fifty-sixth Streets, Philadelphia.

The Carpet and Upholstery Trade Review, 31 E. Seventeenth Street, New York.

The American Miller, 431 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago.

The American Florist, 440 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago.

THIS list comprises only those trade journals with which I have had satisfactory personal experience. I have left out

some that disappointed me in their rates or promptness in payment; and there are many hundreds of others that offer a market to writers.

A good way to obtain a complete and up-to-date manuscript market for trade journals is to induce some advertising agency to give, lend, or sell a copy of the rate service to which every agency subscribes. These books are issued every month, and list practically every magazine of importance. Most agencies throw away old copies as they receive new ones, and are usually kind about giving discarded copies to aspiring writers. Of course, editorial requirements are not included, but experience will teach the writer which magazines offer good markets.

IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE

A HANDY MARKET LIST OF BOOK PUBLISHERS

will be one of the valuable features of the November issue. It will follow the plan of the handy market list of periodicals, which is published quarterly, in giving the requirements of the book publishers, their methods of dealing with authors, etc. The compilation of this list has occupied several months, and no effort has been spared to secure the information from the publishers themselves which will make this the most reliable and up-to-date list extant. It is planned to repeat the list once a year, or more often if changes in the book publishing field warrant. Frequent requests have been made for such a list. The great majority of readers will undoubtedly find it to their advantage to preserve this copy for reference.

SERIES BY WILLARD E. HAWKINS

If we may judge by expressions from readers who were familiar with *THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST* when it was published as an eight-page leaflet under the title of *THE STUDENT WRITER*, a great many have regretted the discontinuance of the articles on technique by its editor which were a regular feature at that time. It has been determined to republish a number of the more important of these articles, together with some new material, beginning with the next issue. The circulation of the magazine at the time they were first published was but a fraction of its present circulation; these articles, therefore, will be new to the great majority of readers.

While these discussions deal principally with problems of technique, they are based upon a conviction that rules in themselves are valueless to the fiction-writer, but that the principles underlying so-called rules may be of great assistance if properly understood.

The articles are the outgrowth of four-fold experience on the part of the author: First, as the writer of a fairly extended list of published short-stories and serials; second, as a teacher of short-story writing and authors' critic, extending over more than twelve years, in the course of which occasion arose to help some thousands of writers with their literary problems (this being supplemented by three years as instructor of journalism in the University of Denver); third, several years as a newspaperman and editor of trade journals, and fourth, as publisher and editor of *THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST*.

The special merit which these articles may claim to possess is the merit of being thoroughly practical. They embody methods which have been found dependable in practice. In each article, the aim has been to answer some fundamental problem that confronts the writer.

The series will deal with various phases of Plot and Construction, Character Drawing, Style, Narrative Devices, Methods of Work and Study, and the Author's Relation to the Public. It will be continued with as few breaks as possible, for a period depending upon the response it evokes from readers of the magazine.

BITTNER ON "CONVINCINGNESS"

The ever-popular A. H. Bittner will be with us again in the November issue, with an article on "Convincingness." For those who are familiar with the practical articles which have already appeared in this magazine by the associate editor of *THE FRONTIER*, and with his book, "What an Editor Wants," no further comment is necessary.

The Age Viewpoint in Juveniles

By Ann S. Warner



ANN S. WARNER

In writing juveniles, the important thing, assuming knowledge of the general fundamentals of story-writing, is to see everything from the child's perspective. I was re-reading not long ago a book in which I delighted as a youngster. But in this last reading what stood out, to my amazement, were a series of passionate love scenes. They dominate the story for me now and it seems incredible

that I could ever have been utterly unaware of their existence. Then I was absorbed in an aspect of the story which seems mere background now. But few writers can produce a story great enough to hold all classes of readers. So we must centralize our efforts along one line. This is especially true in juveniles, for young minds wander and their attention is easily lost if there is much extraneous matter in which they are not interested. They are interested in different things from such as interest adult readers. Or perhaps not so much different things as things seen from different angles. And it is the writer who handles his subject and characters from their viewpoint who wins editors' checks.

Take the stories for the little tots from four to nine. A writer, a beginner at juveniles, is likely to be captivated by the cute charm of a winsome seven-year-old, with her quaint expressions. This writer plays up that side of the heroine, making her very appealing, while keeping her activities along lines a child of that age would be interested in. Then the writer cannot see why editors do not grab up the story. Consider it for a minute from the standpoint of the child reader. To her the heroine is a girl like herself. She takes her seriously. The little reader very possibly talks "baby talk" herself but she does not realize it. She is doing her best to imitate the speech of grown-ups and thinks she is succeeding. Later she begins to catch baby brother mak-

ing mistakes which seem very funny to her. But when the girls of her own age in the story make them, they are pointless. She does not notice winsome quaintness in her playmates and will not be attracted to that in a story. She wants her heroines to have the same traits that she is striving for. She will admire extravagantly a heroine who is able to do some little act she has always wanted to do.

The same holds true throughout their viewpoint. A harassed father of five young children, struggling to make ends meet, may seem a pathetic figure to an adult observer, but to his children he is a benevolent god, infallible. In fact, the child rarely individualizes adults, except in personal relationship. The child likes or dislikes them, considers them funny, or pretty, or cross, regardless of their adult standing. Yet watch how invariably a new writer tries to characterize his adults sharply in a way a child never sees them. As a matter of fact, adult characters in juveniles are most regarded in their absence.

So far we have been talking about the little readers' attitude toward the characters. It is, if possible, even more essential to have these characters act as the children see action. The important thing to them is what these story children do with the familiar objects around them, or the introduction of a new object in a setting they can grasp. If it is all strange it lacks appeal. They are delighted when the hero shows them a new game with an old toy. If a heroine thinks a great deal of her doll it makes the reader appreciate how proud she, too, is of her own doll. If the hero thinks sandtrack building fine sport it gives him a bond with the youngster who has the same idea. Then working with this interest in their playthings, the wise writer slips in hints about sharing them with each other, making them feel how much more fun they could have if they did, in reality, what their mother is constantly coaxing them to do. The moral, to an adult, seems to stick out painfully, but if the child's attention has been captured by the hero and heroine and the fascinating way they play with everything, the

moral lesson slips down unnoticed, a sugar-coated pill.

Above all, avoid a patronizing tone. Use short sentences, very simple words, and as little conversation as possible, for it is apt to confuse wee brains. Get into the story action as quickly as you can and tell it with all the detailed vividness possible. Then wind it up and tie it securely, for children like happy, conclusive endings.

Going on to the junior age, from nine to fourteen, this is all found to apply equally well, on a broader scale. Interest centers on the "gang." Rivalry of every sort becomes the pivot for stories. It is the age of ages when action appeals. The ban on conversation is lifted but it must move rapidly.

It is not until the senior age, from fourteen to eighteen, is reached that abstractions are permitted. Here we find the young people beginning to be interested in relationships, beginning to reason out the hidden motives behind results. Characterization comes into its own. Action is as potent as ever but now it is more acceptable if backed up by a deeper strain. The temptation to let in the love element is strong but it really lies just beyond juveniles and the majority of editors prefer to have it entirely omitted.

But remember, whatever age you write for, that you must seek to enter into the readers' brains and work up your story from that standpoint.

Capturing the Boys' Market in Britain

By Ronald S. Lyons

Late Assistant Editor of The Scout, British Boys' Paper, and Writer of Short-Stories for Boys

"**C**UT out the fine writing and get down to the story!" says the sub-editor in England who deals with boys' fiction. It is his hard and fast rule, because his public demands it.

The average British boy will in no circumstances commence a story by reading through five hundred words of description, no matter how cleverly written it may be. It does not interest him. He wants to get to the story at once, and unless he discovers something tangible in the first few lines, he will seldom read the story.

There is a possibility that the illustrations may hold him, but even if he reads on, the "guff" he is certain to skip. Stories written in a heavy vein, well padded with description, excellent though it be, worry the British boy.

This is why so many American boys' writers fail to capture the market over here. Perhaps a page and a half of an author's typescript will have to be read be-

fore the editor realizes what he is reading about. That will not do, and if he accepts the yarn it will not be for its fine writing, but for the plot. The blue pencil will make inroads into all the "guff."

It is a good plan when submitting over here to commence your story with convincing dialogue, dialogue that gets there. For instance:

"Well, of all the rotten tricks, this one is . . ."

"Goal! Bravo, Johnson! Oh, well played, sir! . . ."

"There is just one other point, boys, before you disperse," said the Head . . .

Or you can commence with crisp description:

When Frank Wright came to the surface after his shift in the Golaston Main Pit . . .

Clang! Clang-along-Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! The fire engine tore past in a cloud of dust . . .

(A story written in the first person)—

Kid Terry, knocked out in the first round by a mere novice—why, it was unbelievable! . . .

If you have in stock any manuscripts which you believe may get into print over on this side, revise them before you send them out. Adapt them for British requirements as best you can. "Cut out the 'guess' and 'Say, Kid!'" and other colloquialisms, unless it is a cowboy story, in which case the local color is necessary.

The subeditor will attend to such things as the fall for autumn, cents for pence, and their like, but it is just as well to do what you can with the story first.

YOUR story will stand a far better chance of acceptance, too, if you can give it a good title. It attracts the British boy.

One such as "How Dick Jones Proved Himself" is not wanted. It is far too cumbersome, besides savoring of the last century. Titles must be crisp!

"Siward the Saxon!" "The Winning Way!" "Rung by Rung!" "Brothers of the Backwoods!" are examples.

Stories of baseball will not find a market in England at all, and yarns dealing with Rugby football are unwanted, except perhaps by magazines such as *Boy's Own Paper*, or the publishers of annuals.

Association football stories are always in demand in the season, which is from the end of August till the end of April. Such stories, provided that they have good plots, will find a ready sale. Railway stories are enjoyed by the average boy, and in this sphere an American writer who has a good story to tell of the great American or Canadian railways will find a market for his work.

Other types of stories which will suit the requirements of either country are, for instance, those dealing with boxing, yacht-racing, school life, the air, adventure in foreign parts, cowboy and Mexican stories. The latter will sell readily provided the thrilling incidents are kept up throughout the story.

Stories of murder are used at times by some of the British boys' papers, but death in any form is not sought after, neither is the gruesome type of story.

Serial stories with good running plots and no padding are required, but a brief synopsis should first be sent to the editor.

THE Amalgamated Press (1922), Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4, is perhaps the best market of all, this vast publishing organization placing on the market weekly nearly forty papers for boys, girls, and the younger children, besides quite a hundred other periodicals and magazines. Manuscripts should be addressed, The Central Editorial Service, and it is wise to inclose a note.

A letter asking for general requirements will sometimes bring several publications, especially so in the case of boys' fiction, so that you can see at once the type of story required. This firm also sends out to authors a valuable booklet entitled, "A Guide to Publications," and I advise every American writer who intends to seek an opening in the British market to write for a copy. It is free.

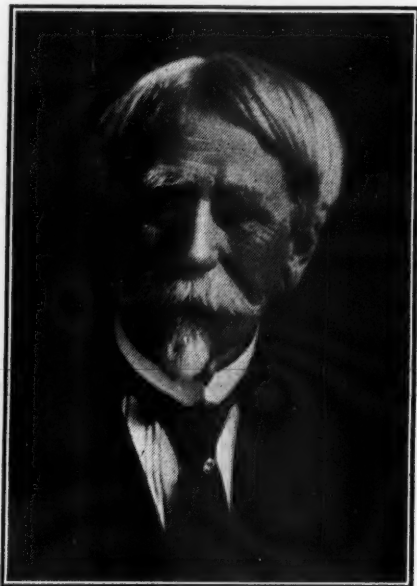
Here is a typical reference which the guide contains to one of the boys' publications:

The Champion. Every Monday. 2d.
Adventure story paper for readers of all ages and for either sex. Four serials, one short (4500 words), one long complete (11,000 words). Stories of adventure on novel lines, plenty of action and ample scope for vigorous line illustration; a good literary style is appreciated.

D. C. Thomson & Co., Ltd., Dundee and Thomson House, 12, Fetter Lane, London, E. C. 4, publish several papers for boys. Their requirements are live stories with plenty of thrill. They use long, complete stories of 16,000 words, serials and series. Humorous stories are used.

The Scout, 28, Maiden Lane, London, W. C. 2, is the official weekly organ of the Boy Scouts. Its requirements are healthy, exciting stories, having a good moral tone. "Knockabout" yarns are not wanted, and murder is barred. Scouting stories are welcomed, but should deal with British Scouts. Complete stories of from 1500 to 5000 words are used. Serials are published also.

Chums, La Belle Sauvage, London, E. C. 4, welcomes thrilling complete stories of adventure in foreign parts and at home, length 2500 to 6000 words. This weekly also uses articles (about 600 words) of general interest to boys, and longer "How to Make" articles, which can be illustrated.



1848

1925

John H. Clifford

AN APPRECIATION

JOHN HERBERT CLIFFORD, associate editor of *THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST*, passed from this earthly life at the age of seventy-seven, on September 16th, 1925, leaving a void not only in the staff of this magazine, but in the hearts of all who were privileged to have been associated with him.

Death followed an extended period of illness, during which, despite the growing infirmity of the body, the spirit of the man shone forth with unabated beauty and kindly strength, and his mind remained clear and unclouded in its scholarly vigor. His editorial work was carried on with painstaking care almost until the last.

As an editor, Mr. Clifford was gifted with a fine appreciation of literary values combined with powers of expression that probably would have won him renown as a writer had he directed his energies more in that direction, or had he possessed a less modest and retiring nature. He enjoyed the acquaintanceship and friendship of many of the great writers of the past generation, including Ralph Waldo Emerson, Bronson Alcott and his daughter Louisa M. Alcott, Matthew Arnold, Wendell Phillips, Samuel Johnson, Samuel Longfellow, Edward Everett Hale, and many others. The outstanding friendship of his career was that of Walt Whitman. This extended over many years, and

he was one of those chosen to act as pall-bearer at the funeral of the great poet. His poem on "The Fellowship of Whitman," published in the Whitman Memorial Collection, is reproduced on the following page as representative of Mr. Clifford's own poetical work.

The high esteem in which he was held by Whitman is revealed in the numerous references to him contained in the biographical work, "With Walt Whitman in Camden," by Horace Traubel, who was also a valued friend of Mr. Clifford. Here Whitman is quoted in such fashion as the following (the occasion being the receipt of a letter): "Tell Clifford his words are sweet to me more because they come from him than because they seem to make much of my work: I would rather have such a man send me his love than put a crown on my head."

On another occasion, when looking at his friend's portrait, Whitman remarked: "It is a splendid face—strong, courageous. Clifford deserves to be looked at, he presents so inspiring a front."

And again, referring to affectionate remembrances sent by friends: "There's Clifford: I'm certain he means it—means every word. All I have seen of him—heard of him—of what he thinks, does—convinces me that he is a man of force—generic, a first-hander."

Mr. Clifford was born of English parents at Spencer, Mass. He graduated from Harvard Divinity School in 1871, and for twenty years served as a minister in the Unitarian Church. His first charge was the First Church at North Andover, Mass., one of the oldest churches in America (its 250th anniversary having been celebrated in 1895). After ten years, he succeeded his friend Samuel Longfellow as pastor of the Germantown Unitarian Church. His ministry apparently was an unusual one, for we find Walt Whitman commenting upon him thus, when reminded by Traubel that Clifford was averse to the title, Rev.":

"I do not wonder that a man made up as he is mostly of the simplest material should hate a cant title. Clifford belongs out on the road—does not belong in a church."

* * * He is too ready to say the things which rub pews the wrong way; it is like a perpetual challenge, which will in good time be taken up. * * I never knew a minister extraordinary in a church to make a fight of that kind successfully—and Clifford is a minister extraordinary, don't

you think?" Again he remarked: "How could Clifford, being so free, talking with such freedom, stay even in a Unitarian pulpit? It is phenomenal—it is indeed." Elsewhere he remarked: "Give my love to Clifford—Clifford is a man-minister, not a minister-man."

Leaving the church after twenty years of service (apparently in line with Walt Whitman's prediction), Mr. Clifford joined the staff of Lippincotts in Philadelphia to assist in the revision of the Worcester Dictionary. He later went to New York and was for many years with the American Book Company, as editor of text and reference books. From there he went to the University Society, and many of its fine books

bear his name as editor, notably the eight-volume edition of the life of Abraham Lincoln, the Booklovers Edition of the Works of Charles Dickens, and a notable collection, "The Great Events of Famous Historians," issued by the National Alumni in 1904. He wrote more than three hundred of the articles in *The Encyclopedia Americana*.

In 1872 Mr. Clifford married Miss Abby Rolfe Rice of Farmington, Maine. The Cliffords came to Denver in 1913, and made their home with their daughter, Mrs. Charles R. Washbourne. His editorial work for the University Society was for a time carried on from here. He became associated

with *THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST* in its early days as *THE STUDENT WRITER*, and his fine literary judgment had much to do with the prestige and growth which it attained. Clients of the literary bureau which is conducted as a part of the service of the magazine found his revision of their work invaluable. Many volumes submitted for his services and since published, owe a degree of their perfection to his happy faculty of choosing just the right word

or turn of a phrase to express the proper shade of meaning. His discerning assistance was especially sought by verse writers.

His memory for passages in the classics was remarkable. He could always be depended upon when an apt quotation was desired.

He will be missed, not only in the present, but more and more as time goes on, because he leaves vacant a place that can never wholly be filled. To know him was to love and respect him, and those who found a place in his regard can say with Walt Whitman, "I would rather have such a man send me his love than put a crown on my head."

W. E. H.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF WHITMAN

By John H. Clifford

I

GOOD Gray Poet, thou hast never died!
Though in yon lifeless vault we saw inurned
Thy form, unsouled and to the dark returned,
Yet faithful comrades have thee at their side.
The pedant and the sons of cant deride
Thee still; the scornful eyebrow waits to lift
When loving insight owns thy stintless gift
Of song and soul to man. But in the tide
Of fellowship that laves the utmost shore
Whereon men dwell, and pulses in the veins
Of brotherhood, thou livest more and more.
Thy voice is sounding in the variant strains
Of earth's great music, in the noisy roar
Of passion, love's sweet note and murmuring pains.

II

What life that ever lived or died, what tears
That ever man or woman shed, what thrill
Of joy, what sins of weakness, crimes of will,
What visions of the holy, deep-eyed seers,
What chime or choral of symphonic spheres,
That thy great heart hath never understood,
Nor fused to Beauty with the solvent Good?
Thine is the heritage of eldest years;
Prophetic, on the topmost heights of time,
Thou speakest forth the gospel of the stars,
That weds the atoms to the worlds sublime;
And earth, still harried with her woes and wars,
Shall listen yet! For thou the loftier rime
Hast built, which blindness, hate, nor envy mars.

The Barrel

Out of Which Anything May Tumble

When Will World-War Stories Become Popular?

HAS the editorial ban against war stories (that is, stories of the World War) been lifted to any appreciable degree? A writer friend who has sounded out a number of editors on the subject, declares that there are signs that the ban is being lifted, that many editors have informed him that they have no complex against war material.

Nevertheless, a study of the magazines indicates that comparatively few war stories are being purchased—probably a very small proportion of those that are being submitted.

A member of THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST staff suggests that the best time to write about, aside from the present, is that period of history which the old people remember and talk about. A few years ago, he points out, Civil War stories were the staple provender of the magazines. At the present time, the sure-fire seller is a well-written story of the old West—of pioneer days. Why did such throngs go to see "The Covered Wagon" and "North of Thirty-Six" after reading the books on which these feature films were based? The older people of the West enjoyed them, of course, because they revived memories. The younger generation, because these stories brought vividly before them a phase of life that they had enviously heard talked about by their elders.

If this theory is correct, the real demand for stories of the World War probably will not materialize until the children of the generation which lived through it have grown to maturity. These children, grown to young manhood and womanhood, will read avidly stories of the great conflict, because to them it will have become hallowed in romantic tradition—because they will feel cheated at not having been born soon enough to take part in the exciting events of this period—just as the children of the pioneers bemoan the fact that they were born into a prosaic age too late to participate in the romantic splendor of the movement which peopled America's last frontier.

Income Tax Figures in the Magazine Field

IT occasioned no surprise, when the income tax figures for 1924 were published, that the Curtis Publishing Company of Philadelphia, from whose presses *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Country Gentleman*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and the *Public Ledger*, are issued, was revealed as having paid a greater income tax than any other publisher. Its tax reached the enormous sum of \$2,013,169.47. Experts at figures, from this, may determine what its net income must have been.

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, head of the company, paid the largest individual income tax of any publisher, \$583,872.13. George Horace Lorimer, editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*, paid \$179,374.

For these and other figures in the field we are indebted chiefly to *Editor & Publisher*.

Bernarr Macfadden, head of the Macfadden publications, paid \$4,518. The Crowell Publishing Company, issuing *The American Magazine*, *Woman's Home Companion*, *Collier's Weekly*, and *The Mentor*, paid \$221,727. William Randolph Hearst, head of the International Magazine Company and publisher of numerous metropolitan newspapers, paid \$42,239. Edward W. Bok, former editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, paid \$174,113. The Pictorial Review Company paid \$54,521. Bruce Barton, writer (who also heads a large advertising agency), paid \$8,815. Irvin S. Cobb paid \$3,058. Dr. Frank Crane, writer of syndicated editorials, paid \$9,558. The Frank A. Munsey Company paid \$109,036. Robert H. Davis, editor of Munsey magazines, paid \$1,070. Zane Grey, novelist, paid \$21,222. Rupert Hughes, novelist, paid \$7,608. Arthur Brisbane, famous editorial writer, paid \$7,170. Heywood Brown, columnist, paid \$873. Glenn Frank, former editor of *The Century*, paid \$1,196.

Signposts Along the Trail

OF course the purpose of every article in THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST is to help the writer along the trail, but on several occasions when I have been speeding the bus, a motor cop in the person of one of the A. & J. contributors has slipped in front of me and tossed up a hand as I jammed on the brakes, and listened to advice as hot as any of the road kings can sputter. And in the end I have proceeded along the trail with greater safety and accuracy, even while I grumbled protests, as I frequently did. I have several of these encounters in mind distributed over my four years of writing and an equal number of years of subscription to THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST.

Unfortunately I am not one who in his kindergarten days achieved some efflation that knocked the *Saturday Evening Post* editors off their chairs and pulled one of those printed slips that states I may have movie and other rights on demand. As a matter of fact, I was out of college two years before I succumbed to the belief that a voluntary composition of English was consistent with sanity. That college proudly claims to be the leader in technical education, and when I stumble upon classmates I find the institution has turned out many who have failed to follow prescribed courses, but an author appears to be the prize persimmon. I mention these handicaps not with elation, but with an appreciation so keen that I feel the futility of acquainting another with the tragedies and disappointments that have been mine. I have had the solace of reading of many successful authors surmounting long years of rejection slips. Like many another I have wondered how skilled editors failed to recognize ability in work that must have compared favorably with later efforts. Articles in the A. & J. led me to appreciate the value of *what* you write compared with *how* you write.

Julian Kilman was the first traffic cop to bring me up short, and boy! what a torrid line he tossed. He "got his" in a symposium that followed, but by that time my indignation had nosedived and I started rooting for Julian. He wanted to know where I got off, rattling into all sorts of traffic and puffing up all manner of hills with a new license and a second-hand bus. If I was like any other novice I had better follow beaten paths. The easiest road led to the "two million" more or less moron readers under thirty to be reached by doing the same thing others did. Where did I get off, thinking I could educate readers of established populars? Did I think I was original, driving down the left-hand side? Get over in that rut and stay there!

As I say, friend Julian got hopped on for attempting to commercialize young authors and to shatter their ideals. There occurred some very interesting and beneficial arguments during the summer issues of 1922; but Mr. Kilman helped me. I climbed into the rut and learned a lot about driving. I heeded his critics to the extent of pulling out of the rut occasionally to see if I could get along without wobbling.

I thought I did pretty well when unexpectedly Mr. A. H. Bittner rode up and sent me over to the side of the road for instructions. Officer Bittner laid down the law to me in an article entitled, "The Story Is the Thing," and the time of the arrest occurred in May, 1923. Mr. Bittner informed me that I might be driving all right but I had the wrong kind of a machine for what my license called for. Where did I get off, rigging myself with spotlights, side shields and nickel bars? Patiently I explained the nature of these adornments. This was characterization, this philosophy, this theme, etc. All the best cars had them. Very explicitly he informed me that I didn't have one of the best cars and until I traveled in such I would have to junk the accessories. The purpose of my car was to get me some place, and to get somewhere I needed most of all a good motor—he called it plot. He lifted up the hood and took great pains to inform me of what a motor should consist.

I started away, grumbling a bit, for hadn't Bedford-Jones or someone decried the emphasis laid on plot? Nevertheless, I became particular about my motor after that. I still longed for some of the things other cars had and I seldom succeeded in getting as passengers in my car the sort of people I desired. One day I pulled up for directions at a station dated September, 1924; and an officer named Merlin Moore Taylor read me some directions from a book entitled, "Is Your Psychology True?" That little paper seemed to tell me everything about my passengers; what their hands and feet and faces did under stress of various emotions. No chance of carrying the wrong passengers if I followed these instructions.

Now I had been told where to drive, what kind of a car to use and what sort of passengers I must have; but something still seemed lacking—the scenery along the route. I could stop and pick flowers and leaves and pretty stones, but I only halted progress, while the flowers died and the leaves withered and the stones added weight to my car. Then Officer Warren Hastings Miller signed for me to stop. Frequently he had passed

me along the route and had always given me helpful advice about the way. I remembered that time in December, 1924, when, under the head of "Selling," he gave me a lot of intimate gossip about the customers I expected to visit.

But now it was April, 1925, when the scenery becomes so pretty, and I found that Officer Miller had merely pulled me up to chat about it. He called it "Atmosphere—and Other Things." He made me see how foolish I had been to attempt to cram the whole outside into my car. Why had I passengers in the car if I didn't intend to use them? Let them talk about the scenery while I continued to drive. Let them paint the atmosphere which helped to make the telling of the drive so interesting.

The trip has not ended. Undoubtedly many ahead await me with sage advice, just as so many kind friends have aided me in the past through *THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST*; but I feel that if I should have but these four I will have traveled far; and so may other riders or writers—say the words fast and they sound alike.

Herbert Louis McNary.

Quotations From "A. & J." Pages

READERS of *THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST* confer a favor by reporting to us instances, or sending clippings, of quotations from our columns appearing in other publications. Such quotations are by no means infrequent. For example, *The Literary Digest* for September 12th quoted in full the poem, "The Menckens," by Willard King Bradley, which appeared in our August issue, commending it to "the Menckens themselves." A portion of "Magic," by the same author, which we published some months ago, was reprinted in *The New York World*. Dick P. Tooker's article on "Writing the Confession or True Story," in the July issue, was made the basis of a feature news story of satirical type in the *Hartford Daily Courant*. Permission has been granted The Century Company to reproduce in a new edition of its "Writing of Today—Models of Journalistic Prose" the article, "Crashing the Editorial Gate," by Ralph R. Perry, which appeared in our March issue. H. L. Mencken, editor and critic, recently used one of Warren Hastings Miller's articles as the basis of a satirical essay in his weekly syndicated newspaper column. The articles published throughout the year 1924, exposing the exploitation to which aspiring writers had been subjected through the misleading advertising of the photography-writing schools and "selling agencies," were widely copied and commented upon.

All these are evidences of the modest but not wholly unimportant part which *THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST* plays in the national field of letters. There have been many other instances, some of which may have escaped our notice. We are always grateful to friends who send us clippings of such quotations, or other matters likely to prove of interest.

Lures for the Unwary

THE following letter, received from a subscriber, brings to mind the question: Why do aspiring writers fall for the lures, the half-

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illiterate literature, and the extravagant promises of "fly-by-night" concerns, when they can just as easily, and without risking their money or their manuscripts, secure the services of long-established, substantial critics and agencies?

Editor, AUTHOR & JOURNALIST:

Many years ago, when I was inexperienced in the literary game, I was persuaded to send some stories to a self-styled literary agency. After looking over the script they advised me that the stories had merit. They sent me contracts to sign and agreed to sell my work if I would send them \$3.00 to cover the initial expenses of handling. I signed the contracts and sent the money.

After a year of silence I asked them for a report. My letter was returned marked, "Addressee not found." They went out of business without returning my manuscript.

I soon received another invitation to take a short-cut to the editor's desk by letting a certain bureau handle my work. The conditions were the same. I accepted them. The results were also the same.

Since then I have been receiving similar invitations from time to time. All come from the same state. All misspell my name the same way and address me as "Miss," although I am a man. There is no doubt in my mind that all these agencies and bureaus are operated by the same party of scoundrels. As soon as their methods become known they go to another city and work the same game with a few variations under a different name.

Your publication has helped to put some of this gentry out of business. I hope you will keep up the good work. Respectfully, L. H.

Editor Issues Warning

A WARNING has been sent out by Wm. H. Kofoed, editor of *Brief Stories*, advising writers to avoid dealings with one Boris Nariskene, former member of *Brief Stories* staff, who is reported to have obtained money and manuscripts from writers through the offer of expert criticism. Apparently the money was retained, but the manuscripts were not returned to the authors, in cases brought to the attention of Mr. Kofoed.

Predicts Radio Novels

COSMO HAMILTON, playwright, author and lecturer, is quoted as predicting that tabloid novels will be one of the next developments in radio broadcasting.

The author, Mr. Hamilton suggests, may derive a high royalty for reading his own novel before the microphone. The ideal radio novel, he says, will be not more than 5000 words long. In writing it, the author must acquire a new technique. Character delineation, for example, will have to be done in one sentence, where paragraphs or pages might be permissible on paper.

Hewitt H. Howland, for many years associated with the Bobbs-Merrill Company as editorial and literary advisor, has been announced as the new editor of *Century Magazine*, succeeding Glenn Frank, who has become president of the University of Wisconsin.

The Wit-Sharpener

A Monthly Exercise in Plot-building—Prizes for the Best Developments

SOLUTION of the mystery plot submitted as the problem for the current Wit-Sharpener called forth a large number of manuscripts which were more ingenious than the problem itself. If the inventions devised by contestants—as explanation for the weird operations of “Knido” the master crook—had a basis in fact, science would have little farther to go in conquering the unknown.

Judges selected as first and second prize winners, solutions that have natural denouements. They depend on science only in a minor degree and contain “motivations” that are quite plausible.

The problem:

Tabor Ruggles, scientist and collector of curiosities from the corners of the earth, receives a letter Tuesday afternoon signed “Knido,” advising him that a certain metallic box which was supposed to have been the jewel container of Asiatic potentates generations ago will be stolen from his residence at two o'clock a. m., Thursday of that week. The casket is of great intrinsic value by reason of the emeralds and diamonds with which it is incusted; as an oddity it cannot be replaced.

Ruggles is vastly agitated because this same “Knido” has been operating successfully in the community for some time, always forewarning his intended victims. Instead of informing the police—who had been used vainly by others in attempts to frustrate “Knido”—he enlists the co-operation of scientific friends, who busy themselves devising safeguards which will prevent “Knido’s” entrance undetected, through doors or windows.

At midnight Thursday, Kester, archeologist, accompanied by his sister; Rogers, geologist. Hamblin, metallurgist, and his wife; Berger, radio expert, and his fiancée, Beryl Agiston, assemble with Ruggles in his darkened home. Each conceals himself in a corner of the room wherein the jewel box—luminized to make it conspicuous for the watchers (and also as a sort of humorous challenge to “Knido”)—reposes on a mantel.

At two o'clock promptly, a slight breeze enters the place; various objects in the room begin to tremble and rattle. Different members of the watch party have varied experiences—Kester feels a tug at his hip pocket, a comb is snatched or falls from Miss Kester's hair; Mrs. Hamblin's button-adorned skirt receives a violent tug; Miss Agiston screams that someone is taking her bracelet. Confusion ensues. Ruggles is the first to regain self-possession and shouts as he sees the phosphorescent casket sailing blithely out of a window which has been mysteriously opened—transported, apparently, by unseen hands.

First prize is given to A. F. Lewis of Pasadena, California—the first contestant in the history of this department to claim Wit-Sharpener honors twice in succession. His was the first-prize problem appearing in the September issue of THE AU-

THOR & JOURNALIST. Now he “repeats.” (Proving that “practice makes perfect”?)

Mr. Lewis's solution follows:

First Prize Winner:

Ruggles snaps on light, revealing window tightly closed. Chlorine odor pervades room.

“Wonder why my alarm didn't work when that window opened?” Berger, testing apparatus, finds everything O.K.

Kester, rushing to empty mantel, picks up paper lying there. It reads, “Bye-bye, Knido.” Passed from hand to hand it reaches Beryl. She starts; why does that peculiarly formed B seem familiar? Dropping it on the mantel, she suggests, “Dear, you and Tabor examine your footprint trap outside.” Then, unnoticed, she hides slip in her dress.

Ruggles returns, reporting nothing but bird tracks; is upset to find slip missing. Nonplussed, party exits homeward.

Beryl, in her room, takes a letter from drawer to compare salutation, “Dearest Beryl,” with slip. The B's are identical. Next day at police station she finds writing does not resemble other scripts turned in from Knido.

“Big news write-up of robbery, but no report to us,” grumbles talkative desk sergeant.

Beryl answers, “It's tough on Ruggles.”

“No, he innocently bought box stolen years ago, but recently the owners have traced it. Though Ruggles refuses their demands, I believe they have proof to recover legally, but now—”

When Berger calls that evening Beryl pretends a belief that she lost her engagement ring in the mystery room, asking him to accompany her to hunt it.

Ruggles admits them reluctantly. Despite his impatience, her purposeful search in corner he occupied the previous evening is rewarded when pressure on eye of parrot in wallpaper pattern results in pushing slide of manteltop aside, and new top, bearing box, rises from below.

“You win,” shrugs Ruggles. “How did you guess?”

“Have you forgotten your one-time ardent notes and—the slip?”

“Then see the rest.” Challengingly he presses another spot and a peculiar appearing little apparatus arises behind the box.

“A combination of two simple scientific toys, a soap-bubble blower and a wind machine with a pigmy searchlight above. The box's greenish phosphorescence I imitated by filling a huge bubble with chlorine. In the gloom it was not difficult to slip among you and create a diversion that enabled me to launch the bubble and sink the box undetected. The current from the wind machine carried the bubble, illumined by a tiny beam from the searchlight, till it burst against the closed window, giving the illusion of passing out. It took days of experimenting to get everything right. My purpose was to have unimpeachable witnesses to the theft.”

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Author & Journalist Criticisms

are never twice alike. The endeavor in each case is to give the student the kind of help that will fit his case.

The criticism tells the writer whether his conception is worth-while or inferior, and why; whether it is in line with editorial demands and what changes are necessary to bring it into closer conformity with requirements. The plot, characters, style, incidents, introduction, climax, conclusion and other features are discussed, and suggestions for improvement, both general and specific, are made.

Finally, the criticism deals with the commercial possibilities of the manuscript, and a list of markets to which it seems best adapted is furnished. If the manuscript contains no possibilities of sale, the author is shown, as far as possible, how to turn out better work in future. In other words, each criticism is a helpful lesson. A series of criticisms constitutes a liberal course in authorship, to the writer who is capable of profiting by experienced instruction.

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THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST

1835 Champa Street, Denver, Colorado.

Second award is made to Willis K. Jones, also by no means a "first offender." His solution ran Mr. Lewis's a hard race.

Second Prize Winner:

And then they discover that besides the casket, an orchid Brazil diamond said to possess powers as a fetich, constantly worn as a tiepin by Kester, has disappeared. He had refused incredible offers for it, so he sets detectives on the trail. Their first discovery is that Berger had been in two of the other places where robberies occurred and that he was with Ruggles at his own request. He is arrested on suspicion, but released on bail and he and Beryl seek to clear his name.

No magnetism could have drawn the casket and no radio invention that he can conceive. He gets into Ruggles's library when the collector is away on one of his many absences. In his library, Berger finds books on Indian fakirs and hypnotism. He knows Ruggles had lived for a time in India.

He learns that a former servant of Ruggles worked where the first Knido robbery occurred and Ruggles himself visited the second place just before the loss was discovered.

Disguising himself as an East Indian, Berger calls later on Ruggles, explaining in broken English that he has a scheme for rendering people helpless. Crime will be made safe. Ruggles sees through the masquerade, and at point of revolver, Berger is conducted to a barricaded empty room. He is to be killed before Ruggles leaves the next morning.

The police, brought by Beryl, search the house without finding the hidden room. An electric wire goes through the room, leading to the meter. Berger breaks the wire and by the blink of the light through short-circuiting, signals his whereabouts. He is rescued and Ruggles arrested. Ruggles is found to be head of a band of thieves. The phosphorescent cabinet was only a way of inducing group hypnotism—a trick of the Indian fakirs—so that without suspicion Ruggles could get the orchid diamond he coveted.

Third money is given to Amata Marion of Fairfield, Washington. The solution involves scientific activity on the part of the crook which may be easily credited by the lay or technical reader.

Third Prize Winner:

He (Ruggles) immediately presses the electric button, flooding the room with light, and as all emerge from concealment, they stare in fascination at the open French window, the metal catch of which is snapped back against the window frame in the regular manner. Ruggles's first impulse is to step through the open window in pursuit of the robber and the other men follow him, leaving instructions for the women to call the police.

The house is situated well back from the street, quite apart from all neighboring residences, in a beautiful rustic setting. As the men step out upon the lawn, they detect the low hum of a motor. Rogers and Berger hurry toward main driveway while Ruggles rushes to the garage after his car. Hamblin thinks sound comes from a different direction so he and Kester start toward a little used road at the rear. They are startled by crashing of branches. Approaching the spot, they find themselves in an entangling growth of underbrush.

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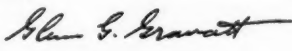
Our Address
No. _____

1114 S. Hoover St.,
Los Angeles, Calif.
July 29, 1925.

Dear Mr. Raffelock:-

Early in May I sent you the outline of a yarn in response to Assignment No. 64. I called it "Phantoms of the Night." You returned this with criticisms and also a letter dated May 19th, 1925, in which you discussed it at length, mentioning that you thought it was a pretty good story. To show how good your judgement was, I have just sold this, after following your instructions, to Red Book Magazine for \$100.00. I have re-titled it "The Grondin Mystery."

Sincerely,


GLENN G. GRAVATT.

PS--"My story in "Black Mask" called "The Million Dollar Robbery," will be published in the Sept. issue, out Aug. 12th.

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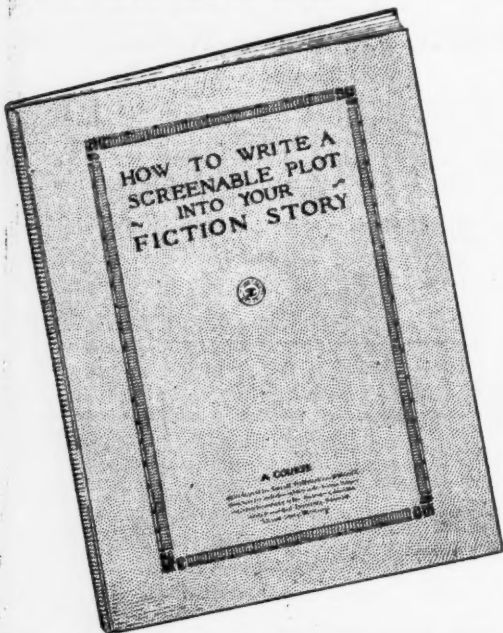
Kester's attention is attracted by a bright spark shining in the darkness. As he goes toward it, he again feels that violent tug at his hip pocket as well as at revolver in his hand. They hear a motor speeding up and are conscious that a car just beyond the clump of shrubbery is on the verge of departure. Hamblin draws forth a flashlight and there before their eyes is a powerful magnet

to which adheres a fragment of ornament from the luminized metallic box. Magnet is attached to a long slender pole which has become caught in the mat of shrubbery.

Hamblin is first to speak: "Here is the solution of tonight's mysterious robbery. The thief has made his getaway but this should give us a clue in tracing him."

At police headquarters, pictures are made of the fingerprints on the pole. Experts find these to be of "Red" O'Dink, ex-convict, who has before served time for burglary. Thus with definite clues to aid them, the police soon effect his capture and find the jewel box still in his possession.

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T. C. O'DONNELL

Room 9, 35 E. Third Street Cincinnati, Ohio

Wit-Sharpener for October

FOR the October contest, readers will develop the problem devised for a recent contest by Miss Georgia Maxwell of Faribault, Minn., which was as follows:

Lucia Kendall, an orphan with no relatives, and just enough money left her for an education, completes college and law school, and is nicely established with a New York firm, when she meets Dr. David Young, who is doing notable experimental work in tropical diseases in the Philippines. He went there for his own health, and must continue living there. He loves the tropics and is completely and happily absorbed in his work, his delicate, motherless little son, David Jr., three years old, and his invalid mother.

He is inordinately happy when he finds that Lucia returns his love. Hers is a love that lavishes itself on those about her. But though David and baby David adore her, and lean on her love, filling her heart with tenderness, the mother-in-law, a perfect termagant, a very devil of a woman, insanely jealous of her son's affection, makes life a torment to Lucia. Dr. David can do little to adjust matters as he has only means enough to run one household, so cannot support his mother separately, and there are no relatives with whom she could live, even if she would.

Lucia goes down fast, developing anemia, which threatens to become pernicious, if she remains. Her doctors tell her she will die if she lives in the tropics any longer. Her religion and Dr. David's will not allow divorce.

Frantic, and torn between love, duty and violent unhappiness, Lucia decides to break the threads of her married life, go back to New York, and begin life again.

She goes, leaving her heart behind her, is established once more in the office, when she realizes she is to have a baby.

PROBLEM: Develop this situation to an effective conclusion. For the best development a prize of \$5 will be given, for the second best, a prize of \$3, and for the third best, a prize of \$2.

CONDITIONS: The plot outline as completed must contain not more than 300 words, exclusive of the original problem. It must be typed or legibly written. Manuscripts returned only if stamped envelopes are inclosed. Only one solution may be submitted by the same person.

Manuscripts must be received not later than November 1st. Winning outlines will be published in the December issue.

PRACTICAL

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By A. H. Bittner

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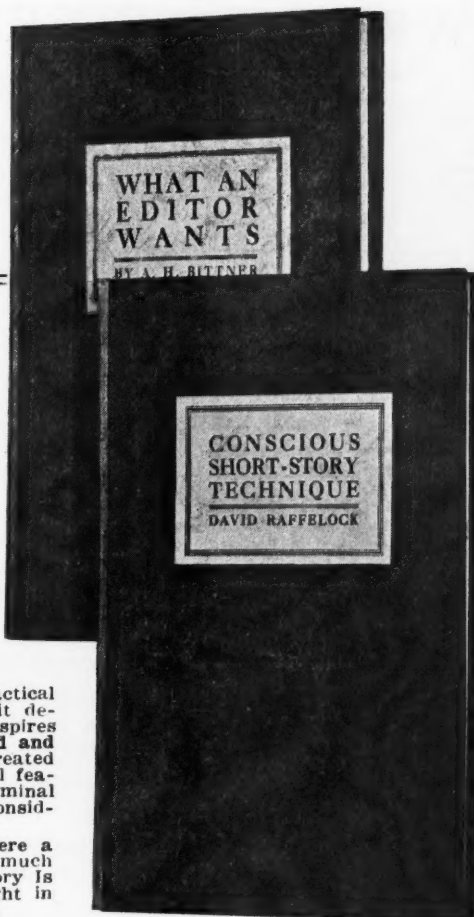
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Literary Market Tips

(Continued from Page 2)

The Household Guest, a mail order magazine which suspended recently, has been purchased by James M. Woodman, publisher of *Mother's Home Life*, and will resume publication as a monthly with the October issue, at 630 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago. The manuscript files were well filled when it was taken over by the new publisher, and it is stated that new material will not be purchased until the present supply has been used up, which may mean several months.

Fawcett's Magazine (formerly *True Confessions*), Robbinsdale, Minn., is in the market for third-person sport stories up to 6000 words. They must have lots of action and deal with unusual sports situations. The magazine is also in the market for keen detective fiction up to 6000 words. Likewise, it wants biographical success stories—unusual experiences of picturesque men and women. These should get down to striking, intimate facts and should be told in not more than 1500 words. Photos must accompany. Prompt decision is made on all manuscripts—is the assurance of Roscoe Fawcett, the editor. Payment is made on acceptance at a rate of 2 to 4 cents a word.

Outdoor Life, 1824 Curtis Street, Denver, Colo., uses no fiction. Neil W. Northey, associate editor, requests that announcement be made to this effect, and also that the publication never pays for verse. "Many writers note that we use verse and conclude that we pay for it, or take it for granted that we use Western fiction. I can't write to all of them explaining why their manuscripts are returned. Result—along comes another fiction story or another poem at rates, the writer thinking that the first was returned because it was not good enough."

Massey & Massey Company, manufacturing chemists, 1214-1216 Webster Avenue, Chicago, O. A. Kline, secretary, writes: "We are again in the market for 'Billy Freezem' blotter sayings. Our last announcement brought hundreds of inquiries, but a great many writers sent us material without bothering to investigate just what type of sayings we desire. Interested writers should send for instructions and sample blotters before submitting material. Our rates are from 3 to 4 cents a word for usable material. For usable ideas we pay a minimum of \$1.50 each, and more if we consider them worth it."

Artists and Models Magazine, 109 W. Fortyninth Street, New York, Miss Merle W. Hersey, associate editor, writes: "Storiettes of not over 2000 words, of the quality we desire, seem to be very scarce. We do not want any 'sex' element, but do want a clean, snappy, light love interest involving characters in a studio, or stories without love interest. We pay at ½ cent a word and over on publication."

Writers who submit verse manuscripts to John Curtis Underwood, Santa Fe, N. Mex., in the hope of winning "prizes of \$499, \$299 and \$202" offered by him, receive a post-card reply offering to criticise their work for a stated price. This fact was not known to us when we announced the supposed prize offer.

House Furnishing Review, 71 Murray Street, New York, a monthly, F. C. Davis, associate editor, writes: "We need non-fiction material, length 500 to 2000 words, with as many illustrations as consistent. Decisions are made within a week. Rates up to 1 cent a word are payable between acceptance and publication. Contributors who can supply us with usable, live articles month after month will find us extremely friendly. *House Furnishing Review* circulates to retailers, buyers, and manufacturers. It aims to present human-interest stories, success tales, historical background, latest methods of merchandising and salesmanship, interviews with active men in the field, and expositions of the latest developments. Our field has definite limits: houseware to us does not mean furniture, nor hardware saws and bolts. A recent issue contained stories on the new Gimbel Store in Philadelphia, an interview with a merchandiser presenting a solution of the house-to-house peddler problem, an analysis of the situation in the brush business, a plan for featuring enameled ware for the preserving season, presentation of how Grandmother did her kitchen work, a plan for selling more refuse cans, an outline of a model kitchen, how one manager analyzed the 'lost sales' in his store. The electrical section, for which we especially need material, contained stories on selling vacuum cleaners, utilizing dealer helps, contrasting English and American kitchen work, explaining an electrical game advertising idea, advocating more complete service to customers, and suggesting the sales of appliances for college dormitories. Vitality, freshness and completeness appeal to us first of all."

Ziffs, 550 Transportation Building, Chicago, "is anxious to secure a great many short, breezy and unusual features, which may run from month to month, from one column to two columns in length," writes J. S. Hart, editor. "Suggestions are always welcome and promptly paid for if accepted. An item of interest to writers will be the fact that we are signing all contributions."

Sporting Goods Dealer, Tenth and Olive Streets, St. Louis, is edited by Ames M. Castle, who writes that articles on sporting goods merchandising, from 500 to 2000 words in length, are desired. "We prefer interviews with merchants, quoting most of their statements. Articles on store arrangement, chiefly those concerned with plans to speed-up service, are desired, also news reports on store activities. Photos should accompany articles. Payment is at ½ cent a word up, promptly on publication. Material not desired includes the experiences of writers in stores, and publicity on various sports accessories. We purchase a large amount of material each month. Will need an exceptional amount for January. Deadline is the tenth of month preceding issue."

The Epworth Herald, 740 Rush Street, Chicago, should not be classed as a juvenile publication, writes W. E. J. Gratz, editor. It is addressed to readers from 16 to 25 years of age. Articles on religious themes, essays on travel and biography, and short-stories about young people—all preferably from 1000 to 1500 words in length—are sought, and also brief nature and religious poems. Payment is on acceptance at from ½ to 1 cent a word.

Finish this Plot— Win a Prize! \$40.00 in Prizes

PLOT: George Davis collected his bags as the train stopped. On his face a smile of satisfaction. He had decided that Cora was the girl he really loved, that Agnes could be only a friend. He had written two letters, a friendly note to Agnes, a proposal of marriage to Cora, asking her to meet his train if she accepted. He was on the steps now, the train was pulling in. "Hello, George," called a feminine voice, and up the platform came a gay girlish figure. George drew in his breath sharply. It was Agnes who had come to meet him.



Dr. Burton

PRIZES: Try finishing this plot—it's easy. 1st Prize—\$25.00, 2nd—\$10.00, 3rd—\$5.00. Send only one solution, not over 100 words. Don't copy plot. Write name, age (18 or over), address, and number of words plainly. *Contest closes November 10th.* No plots returned. Use your imagination, you may win \$25.00. Anyway, it's good practice. Try. Show this plot to your friends.

FREE: All contestants will receive Free booklet, "Short-Story Writing," and details of Dr. Burton's Correspondence Course. Personal service on your lessons. Also special criticisms of Short Stories and One-Act Plays by Dr. Burton personally. If you don't care to compete, ask anyway, for Free Book, Special low rate, and Profit-Sharing Plan. Learn Short-Story writing—increase your income. Save this ad—try the plot now.

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The reading fee entitles the writer to a brief criticism of his manuscript if it is not accepted for marketing. This service will attempt to market only short-stories, novels and articles which are considered likely to sell. We will not attempt to market verse or photographs. For selling a manuscript 15 per cent of the amount paid by the magazine is charged; minimum commission, \$3.00.

The service is open to non-subscribers as well as subscribers. Address:

AGENCY DEPARTMENT, *The Author & Journalist*, 1835 Champa St., Denver, Colo.

THE S. T. C. NEWS

A Page of Comment and Gossip About
the Simplified Training Course and
Fiction Writing Topics in General

VOL. 2, No. 10

OCTOBER, 1925

EDITED BY DAVID RAFFELCOCK

WHICH METHOD?

English Writer Compares Writing to Sculpturing in Clay and Marble

Should the author finish his stories by adding to his initial rough draft or by paring it down? This question is discussed in a recent issue of *The Manchester Guardian Weekly*, and the answer is "Neither."

As has been time and again pointed out to student-writers in the Simplified Training Course, each writer must discover for himself his own peculiar method of approach and follow his natural bent.

The writer in the English weekly aptly compares writing with sculpturing. "There are two ways of making a statue," says the writer, "to plump it out from within and to pare down to it from without."

One is the method of the artist working with clay. A lath is taken and clay or wax is added until the bust is made. The other is to take a piece of marble and hew away at it until nothing is left but the bust.

Some authors make their first draft and then study over the work constantly, trying to add new words that will clarify the meaning or add color. Others labor over the first draft trying to cut out words, to make one word take the place of several. Swinburne's method was the former; Bacon's and Tacitus's the latter. Ibsen used a basic idea or inchoate subject, laboriously built up a scenario—and then began to write.

In this approach to writing, as in everything else concerned with the complicated profession of authorship, the student-writer must determine which is his natural method and follow that in expressing himself.

S. T. C. students who have recently sold work to the fiction magazines are:

Dick Halliday, *Rancho El Dorado*, N. M., to *Ranch Romances*, *Action Stories*, *Triple-X*.

G. G. Gravatt, Los Angeles, to *Red Book*, *Black Mask*.

W. K. Jones, Oxford, Ohio, to *Weird Tales*.

Herman Petersen, Pooleville, N. Y., to *Triple-X*, *Ace-High*.

James W. Routh, St. Paul, Minn., to *Ranch Romances*.

Alfred Hollingsworth, Los Angeles, to *Brief Stories*.

"Canyon Gold," Arthur Preston Hankins's latest novel, was recently published by The Macaulay Company, New York. The author of this popular novel is one of the first of the many successful writers who recommended the Simplified Training Course to all student-writers who wanted authoritative, practical training in short-story writing.

A Few Words of Gossip With the Editor

The *Chicago Daily News* carried an amusing story "by a Literary Adviser" with a "tender heart." She is apparently a teacher of journalism and is frequently approached by young ambitious writers who want to sell their work right off and deplore the added expense of trying because of the extra stamps that are necessary to inclose with a Ms. in case it is not acceptable. The literary adviser found it difficult each time a hopeful approached her to say definitely that the piece was worthless or that no market existed for that type of work.

It is well enough to be kind, and in the case of the tender-hearted adviser, it is entirely excusable. It is not excusable, however, when serious persons have taken up training in writing because they mean to succeed in selling their work if they have the ability to do so.

A critic or an instructor is constantly faced with more or less pathetic examples. There is the mother of six children who is running a big farm and trying to give a good education to her youngsters. There is the salesman who hates his job and would give anything to enter a more congenial profession. There are countless examples—cases that approach the tragic.

The instructor can take one of two courses: he can pander to the student's hopes and avoid offending or hurting by giving an evasive criticism that doesn't condemn, but sounds as if it is commending; or he may kindly, but sincerely and frankly, point out to the student exactly wherein he failed, and how he may set about revising and improving the story.

The writer may be unable to do anything with the story the instructor has seen fit to pick to pieces; the revision suggested may be entirely beyond the abilities of the student. However, a true impression is at once given of what is necessary if he would succeed in writing salable stories. The student learns that it is not some little twist, some rule to learn, that when mastered will at once make him a great writer. Frank, sympathetic, constructive criticism reveals to him that he must undergo training for success, must learn to fathom his ability, direct it and make the most of it.

Eventually the person whose "case" may have touched one's heart will suffer through false encouragement or roundabout methods. Fortunately, the S. T. C. has attracted serious, conscientious students. They want to be encouraged, but they do not want to be misled. The remarkable success many of them have been attaining serves to indicate the efficacy of direct, sympathetic criticisms.

TO SUE OR NOT?

Shall Students of Courses Continue Work Through Force or Interest?

At least two widely-advertised schools of writing (to judge by correspondence reaching The Author & Journalist office) seem to be launching nation-wide campaigns to collect the unpaid balances due them from disappointed students, who fail to "pay out" on their courses. The familiar device of "selling" the accounts to a third person, who has filed or threatened suits in a wholesale manner, has been employed. A few test cases will probably determine whether the accounts are collectable.

The legal advisers of many students doubtless will set up the counter-claim that the enrollment signatures were obtained as a result of misleading propaganda and false advertising lures.

The Author & Journalist does not believe in trying to compel students to complete a course. In its Simplified Training Course, never has it forced a student who had found it necessary to discontinue the training to pay for it notwithstanding.

The editors rely upon the intrinsic value of the training, and the great amount of personal attention given each student, to maintain interest. As a result, an astonishingly small proportion of students have fallen by the wayside. Some, compelled by adverse circumstances to drop their work, have been granted an extension of time to resume, should they find they are able to do so at a later date.

Infinitely more energy and time have been devoted to making the training course practical and interesting so that the S. T. C. student will want to continue with the work, than has been expended in clever advertising to lure the prospective student.

The Author & Journalist may be a bit old-fashioned in its views, but its editors would rather have only satisfied students, even though the number be not great, than many students who can be forced to pay their tuition fee in full only by holding a signed contract as a club over their heads.

"You become a good writer just as you become a good joiner: by planing down your sentences."—Anatole France.

The new format adopted by *Harper's* marks the disappearance of the oldest American magazine as an illustrated publication. Century also has given up illustrations; Scribner's alone of the "big four" now prints illustrations.

That unspeakable shoeblack-scraper Army of Authors.—Carlyle.

Canadian Homes & Gardens and *Trade Abroad* are two new publications of the MacLean Publishing Company, Ltd., 143 University Avenue, Toronto, Canada. *Trade Abroad* will be devoted to assisting the sale of English products in North America and North American products in foreign countries. *Canadian Homes & Gardens* will publish matter connoted by the title. Rates and methods of payment will doubtless be satisfactory to writers capable of filling the requirements of these publications.

Follyology, formerly published at Minneapolis, is now issued by the Follyology Publishing Corporation at 145 W. Fifty-seventh Street, New York.

Famous Story Magazine, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, is a new magazine on the order of *The Golden Book*, devoted to reprinting the best stories of world-famous authors. It offers no market for original manuscripts.

New Sensations, formerly published at Minneapolis, is now under the ownership of the Hubbard Publishing Company, 21 Park Row, New York.

Fiction House, Inc., 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, writes: "We can use 'fillers' of from 200 to 500 words. Fillers for *The Lariat Story Magazine* should deal with cowboy life and adventure. For *North-West Stories* they should cover subjects of the West, the North and Arctic country. For *Action Stories* we want fillers of action—fast adventure written with action. Special rates are paid for these fillers."

Child Life, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Marjorie Barrows, associate editor, writes: "We are usually overstocked with all kinds of material but just now we could use a few very humorous stories for our Funland Department—stories not over 1600 words in length—and a few realistic stories that appeal especially to boys from eight to twelve years of age. Upon looking over our files, I find that *Child Life* will probably not need any fairy tales or verse for the next two years."

The Echo, 1837 Champa Street, Denver, wants very short stories, maximum length 2500 words. Plot is the least consideration. Sincerity, characterization, style, or some distinctive quality is necessary. Short, unusual articles on almost any subject, also are wanted. Poetry and drawings are used. Payment at present is a year's subscription. As *The Echo* prints material by some leading names in the literary field, many writers consider it a recognition of their literary ability to have work accepted by *The Echo*.

The Plumbing and Heating Jobbers' Salesman is to be a new monthly pocket-sized magazine issued by the Plumbers Trade Journal Publishing Company, 239 W. Thirtieth Street, New York. The editors write: "The tone of the new publication will be bright, breezy, informal, and the magazine will circulate among jobbers' salesmen selling plumbing and heating material to plumbers and heating men. Writers of constructive sales material will find a good market at 1 cent a word, and the editors will be glad to enter into correspondence with all interested members of the writing craft. Payment will be on acceptance."

The Writers' Directory

Issued by Authors' Service, contains: A talk to beginners; Article of advice by a well-known author and editor; 101 books for writers and speakers, and where to get them; 101 places to sell mss., with suggestion on selecting them; How to prepare a Ms., with sample first page; Announcements; One or more stories to be bought from clients for next issue. All of this information is yours if you send 6c to pay postage. No strings attached, no school, no obligation.

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Printing Department

THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST
1835 Champa Street, Denver, Colorado.

IN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, MENTION
THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST

All editorial work for *Opportunity Magazine* is handled from 750 N. Michigan Avenue, writes James R. Quirk, editor, and manuscripts or communications regarding them should be so addressed, and not to the New York office.

Playground, organ of the Playground and Recreation Association of America, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York, is devoted to matters connoted by its title. Articles on accomplishments and methods and new games are desired. It is reported that payment is made for material.

Forbes & Company, book publishers, 443 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, inform a contributor that they will not be interested in the publication of fiction this year.

The C. H. Young Publishing Company, 709 Sixth Avenue, which issues *Young's Magazine*, *Breezy Stories* and *Droll Stories*, informs a contributor that light verse is always desired. "It ought to have a witty, satiric, droll or humorous touch. We do not care for serious or sentimental verse, though we use a little of the latter now and then. For such verse as we use we pay on acceptance at 25 cents a line.

Publications of the Dell Publishing Company, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, formerly prompt in paying for fiction, apparently have fallen into the "slow" class. Several contributors report that they have been unable to secure payment for stories accepted and published. The magazines of the company include "*I Confess*," "*Cupid's Diary*," and *Marriage Stories*.

Popular Radio, 627 W. Forty-third Street, New York, Kendall Banning, editor, "desires authoritative, helpful articles, from 50 to 6000 words in length, on new inventions and appliances of radio. Payment is on acceptance at 1 cent a word for department items, 2 to 5 cents a word for features, and \$2 to \$3 each for photographs.

Concrete and Building Materials will hereafter be published by a new corporation, the Concrete Publishing Company, 139 N. Clark Street, Chicago.

Fairchild's International Magazine is a new magazine to be published in Paris by the Fairchild Publications of New York. The magazine will be devoted to style, textiles, and men's wear as well as women's apparel.

Specialty Salesman Magazine, South Whitley, Ind., "is now paying from 1/2 to 1 cent a word, and occasionally more, for material on acceptance," according to the managing editor, Ralph A. Dunkelberg. This publication uses inspirational, character-building articles of 1000 to 5000 words containing selling hints and helpful information for salesmen, short-stories of 2000 to 7000 words, serials of inspirational nature or stories of success gained under handicaps, up to 60,000 words. Mr. Dunkelberg further states: "Articles on retail selling or selling to retailers do not interest us except as they may apply to direct selling. A story need not be a sales or business story if it has that in it that will inspire men and women to persevere in the face of difficulties and to be on the square. We do not use jokes, skits or anecdotes, and seldom use verse."

The Youth's Companion, now published at 8 Arlington Street, Boston, desires true chronicles of adventure from 1500 to 3000 words in length, writes Ira Rich Kent, editor. Stories and articles of contemporary American life, and short how-to-make articles for both boys and girls, are needed. Short miscellany, especially of humorous or unusual type, from 100 to 500 words is desired. Material is paid for on acceptance according to value, at good rates. Address all manuscripts to The Editors.

The Casket and Sunnyside, 487 Broadway, New York, Wm. Mill Butler, editor, writes: "It is very difficult for outsiders to write anything in the nature of comment on the undertaking and embalming profession, that has not been anticipated by our editors and regular contributors. We are, therefore, not open for articles or essays from those who are not thoroughly and practically acquainted with the undertaking profession."

American Speech, a new monthly published by the Williams and Wilkins Company, Baltimore, Md., will publish material on such topics as current usage, American and British usages in contrast, phenomena of vocabulary, studies in local dialects, etc., but does not expect to pay contributors, at least as yet, writes Louise Pound of the University of Nebraska, who will edit it in conjunction with Kemp Malone of the Johns Hopkins University.

Correspondence addressed to *Child's Garden*, 2161 Center Street, Berkeley, Calif., is returned unclaimed.

Correspondence addressed to *Artists and Models Magazine*, Hubbard Publishing Company, Suite 704, 1457 Broadway, New York, is returned marked "Not Found." This is not the publication of the same name published at 109 W. Forty-ninth Street.

Wireless Age has been merged with *Popular Radio*, 627 W. Forty-third Street, New York.

Farm and Real Estate Journal, Traer, Iowa, C. C. Wood, editor, uses material on farming and land buying, but seems to pay only in printing, at a very good rate.

Opportunity, a Journal of Negro Life, 127 Twenty-third Street, New York (not to be confused with *Opportunity*, *The Salesman's Guide*, 221 W. Fifty-seventh Street, New York, James R. Quirk, editor), an illustrated monthly published by the National Urban League, Charles S. Johnson, editor, announces that it "desires drawings, paintings and photographs for covers, fiction, poetry, local news of interest with photographs, and authentic articles." Mr. Johnson states that the magazine is not able to offer remuneration for material.

Chain Store Age, 93 Worth Street, New York, is a new trade journal for the executives of chain store organizations.

Olive Leaf, Augustana Book Concern, Rock Island, Ill., C. W. Foss, editor, writes: "The *Olive Leaf* is a little child's paper, appearing weekly." One dollar a column is paid on publication for material—about three hundred words to the column. Simple animal stories of an unusual nature are especially sought.

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"Let me tell you that you did exceedingly well with . . . was very much pleased. It was a feat to unravel all my interlineations and changes! . . . You people are top-notch!"—W. H. M., Mass.

"I confess that I doubted your efficiency when I saw your prices . . . am glad I

tried you. I don't see how service could be better at any price."—M. B., Texas.

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Prize Contests

(Continued from Page 3)

The Pompeian Laboratories, 3403 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, announce five prizes, from \$500 to \$50, for the best titles, within ten words, for the 1926 Pompeian beauty panel, which may be found reproduced, with full conditions of contest, in advertisements in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *McCall's*, and other women's magazines. Contest closes November 30th.

Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, Minneapolis, Minn., announces that 63 prizes of from \$200 to \$5, will be paid for the best five ways of using Pillsbury's Health Bran—recipes or original ways of serving. Five ideas—no more, no less—must be submitted by the contestant. Closing date, December 1st.

Popular Science Monthly, 250 Fourth Avenue, New York, awards \$25 in prizes each month for letters of not more than 70 words answering the question, "What advertisement of 'Money Making Opportunities' in this issue interests you most and why?"

E. R. Squibbs & Sons, P. O. Box 1132, City Hall Station, New York, are conducting a contest in which \$25,000 will be distributed in 508 cash awards, to the contestants who give best answers to eleven questions on dental hygiene which have been published in the company's advertisements. A booklet, "Squibb's Educational Contest," containing the conditions, will be mailed free on request to Contest Editor.

The Bookman, 244 Madison Avenue, New York, announces its annual "Children's Essay Contest." For the ten best essays by boys or girls of fifteen years or under, it offers ten prizes: first, \$25; second, \$10 worth of books, and one book each for the next best eight. Essays must be not less than 300 words nor longer than 800 words. Closing date November 1.

The Zephyr, Clearwater, Florida, offers, in addition to its regular rates, a prize of \$25 for the best short-story, and \$25 for the best article of not to exceed 4000 words on new and interesting Florida subjects, or other matter of general interest. Manuscripts should be received by the editor, Byron Paine, on or before December 1.

The Association of Hawaiian Pineapple Canners, 451 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, offers \$50 each for acceptable recipes for serving pineapple, received before November 15th.

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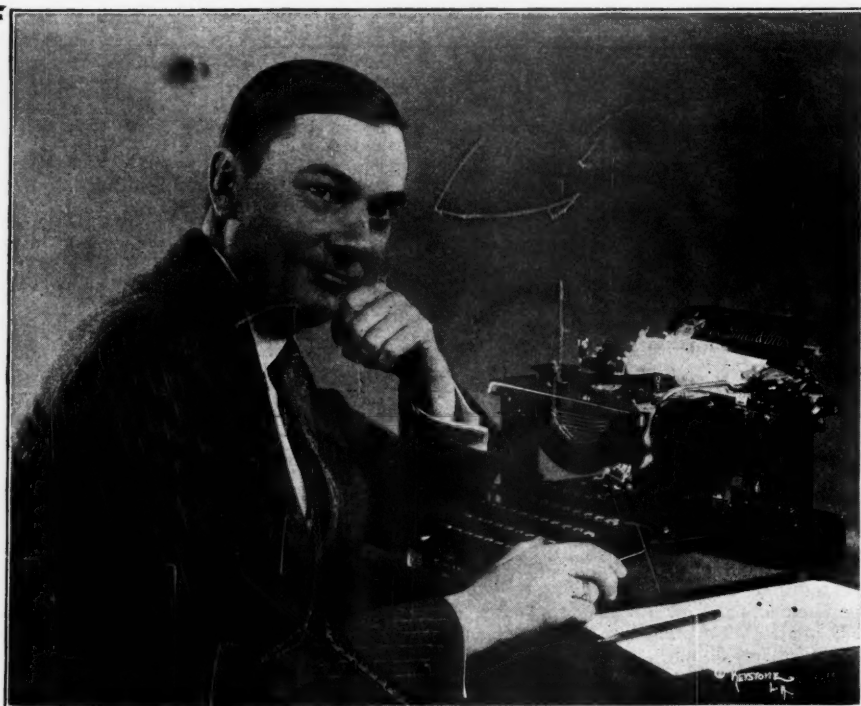
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